

into the dark recesses of my soul. Grief and remorse, with its baleful fires, had seared every heart-string, when the angel of death stood at my pillow. Oh! the misery, the anguish of that night! A fearful retrospect stood behind, in the dark and dismal past. A fearful retribution brooded over the joyless waters of futurity. All my joys, my hopes of this life and the life to come, rose before me, each a bleeding, dying specter.

"It is in vain. I cannot portray the horrors of that hour. My whole existence seemed wrapped in that prief portion of time. I felt the breath of the death angel on my cheek; his icy hand on my brow. Was there no escape? I shrieked in my agony. I vowed if God would spare my life, not one drop of the accursed poison should ever again moisten my lips. My all-merciful Father heard the prayer of His wretched child. Years have fled, and, by the help of God, I have kept, and will continue to keep, that vow. But Mary," and his voice sank almost to a sob, "Where is she?" Perhaps long ago laid in the grave, a longed-for place of rest, or perhaps she lives, remembering that night but as a dismal dream, and the being who cursed her, but with loathing."

He ceased, when a wild cry pierced the silence, and smote many a stout heart with fear, and Mary Ellis, forgetful of all save the glorious being before her, like one risen from the dead, flew up the aisle with the speed of an arrow, and in one moment more was clasped in the arms of Henry Clare.

Sobs and tears swept over that concourse of human hearts, and bowed was many a head in humble penitence.

Many a poor inebriate who came to scoff, went to his miserable home with a burning hope struggling for life—for dominion.

Many a young man, who looked first on that speaker but to sneer, vowed to banish the social glass forever. Many a lovely girl, who had considered it beyond the sphere of woman to engage in the cause of temperance, now pledged her heart and hand to the noble work.

Daughters of New England! Daughters of our favored land! go and do likewise. There is work for you all. Say not "I can do nothing." "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Your good influence will circle on forever and forever.

Mothers, daughters, sisters, friends and lovers! labor—cease not, rest not, till the hydra-headed monster lies dead at your feet. "Let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—*Massachusetts Life Boat.*

The Sabbath.

The New York "Times" very happily discourses of the day of rest in this wise: "The rest of the Sabbath is necessary, after the engagement of the week, as is the night's rest after the work of the day. To the one we go instinctively, forced by fatigue. It is well if we observe the other, impelled by moral considerations, before suffering the penalty attached to its violation, of which no instinct gives us warning. After six days of labor our strained muscles need a season to renew their elasticity, our irritable nerves to recover their moral state, our fretted spirits to resume their equanimity. A simple change of necessary labor does a great deal; the entire cessation of all that is unnecessary does still more. The fitting devotional exercises of the day are calming and soothing, and productive of that healthy state of mind with which it is desirable to enter upon the duties of the succeeding days. The influence of the Sabbath on the week's tumultuous cares is like oil poured on a stormy sea. Stretched out over the hurrying crowd of daily engagements, like the rod of the Prophet over the Red Sea, it piles the waves up on either side, and we pass through them dry shod.

"Oh! day, most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend and with his blood:
The couch of time; eave's balm and balm—
The week were dark but for the light,
The torch both show the way."

We saw a drunken man last evening trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

What is Moderate Drinking.

ANSWER.—It is the great deceiver of nations, promising health and long life, yet destroying more by its tendencies than war, famine or the plague.

It is a sweet morsel in the mouth, but gravel in the stomach.

It is the A. B. C. of drinking; the picture-book, leading the young and thoughtless to the worst lessons of intemperance.

It is a regular quack medicine, making splendid promises, but performing no cures, and yet demanding enormous pay.

It is the starting point to the workhouse, the prison, the asylum and the gallows.

It is a light-fingered gentleman, who feels every corner of the drawer, and to the very bottom of the purse.

It is the first step in an inclined plane of rapid descent, smooth as marble, and slippery as glass, ending in an abyss of ruin.

It is a beautiful serpent, whose fangs and deadly venom are concealed by the dazzling of its coils.

It is hypocrisy personified, an affected outside sobriety, while all is agitation and uncleanness within.

It is the landlord's bird-lime, by which he secures his victims, and fastens them in a cage.

It is the entrance to a delightful avenue, lined with deceitful flowers, charmed with bewitching sounds, but ending in the avenues of the dead.

It is an ignis fatuus, tempting its fated followers over trembling bogs, and tumbling them down a frightful precipice.

It is the whirlpool of ruin in which thousands have sunk to rise no more.

It appears as an angel light, assuming a smiling countenance, but in reality a demon of the bottomless pit.

It is like a perpetual dropping, injuring man's constitution far more than occasional drunkenness.

It is the birth-day and birth-place of all the drunkenness we have in the land!

It provides an army of reserve to recruit the ranks of the 60,000 who die annually by strong drink.

It is the body of union betwixt the publican's drunken politicians, little-drop ministers, and all enemies to the cause of teetotalism.

The Virtuous Man.

He who in youth improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and knowledge, and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers by the love of virtue, for the service of his friend, his country and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by virtuous love for domestic life; who lays his heart open to every other generous and mild affection, and who to all these adds a sober, masculine piety, equally remote from superstition and enthusiasm, that man enjoys the most agreeable youth, and lays in the richest fund for the honorable action and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life. He who in manhood keeps the offensive and private passions under the wisest restraint; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships; who seeks after fame, wealth and power in the road of truth, and if he cannot find them in that path, generously despises them; who in his private character and connections gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions, and in his public character serves his country and mankind in the most upright and disinterested manner; who, in fine, enjoys the good things of this life with moderation, bearing its ills of adversity with the greatest fortitude; that man is the most exalted character in this changing stage of life; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity, paving his own way to the most easy and honorable old age; and who, in the declining time of life, keeps himself aloof from the chagrins incident to that period, cherishes the most equal and kind affections, uses his experience, wisdom and authority in the most venerable manner; that man quits the irksome, earthly stage with a modest and graceful triumph so becoming the last moment of a virtuous old man.

THE DEAD OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The whole channel of the Mediterranean must be strewn with human bones. Carthaginians, Syrians, Egyptians, Sydonians, Persians, Greeks and Romans—there they lay; side by side, beneath the eternal waters, from Alexandria, sails, in its course, over buried nations. It may be the corruption of the dead that now adds brightness to the phosphorescence of the waves.

All told me in the East that a superstition exists on this subject, which represents the spirits of the departed as hovering, whether on land or water, over where the ruins of their earthly tabernacles are found; so that in plowing the Mediterranean, we sail through armies of ghosts more multitudinous than the waves. These patient spirits sometimes ride on the foam, and at other times repose in those delicious little hollows, which look like excavated emeralds, between the crests of the waves. It is their union and thronging together, say the Orientals, that constitute the phosphorescence of the sea, for everywhere there is light, and the billows flash with the luminousness of vanished generations, that concentrate, as it were, the starlight on their wings.

How to PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake, and decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice. He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes."

Attend to your business; never trust to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." Plow deep while slugs sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility.

"Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

What Hope Did.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance.

It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming; and saved her from desolation and "the care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and led him on to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to Heaven.

No hope! my good brother. Have it. Reckon it to your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all besides—but keep thy hope.

LIGHTNING AS GUNPOWDER.—A new invention has just been made known in California, by Mr. Andrew Smith, which is intended to supersede the use of gunpowder as a projectile force. By the decomposition of one pound of water, Mr. Smith says he can produce a greater amount of projectile force than can be effected by one hundred pounds of the best gunpowder, and that by means of the new agent each gun of a frigate may be made to deliver a broadside of one thousand shot in a minute. This, we suppose, must be put down among the useful inventions.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—Yesterday morning an abandoned woman known as Mary P. Smith, committed suicide by shooting herself in the heart, in a back room in the second story of the block adjoining the Post Office on Cedar street. An inquest was held, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts.

Some of the particulars of this unfortunate woman's history are of a peculiarly melancholy nature. We learn that she received, in one of the best female schools in this State, located in a neighboring town, a finished education and at the age which young ladies generally leave the seminary, was an accomplished, handsome, and interesting girl. But in an evil hour, she departed from the path of virtue, and became dishonored. About eighteen months since she came to Nashville, and has ever since been an inmate of the numerous houses of ill-fame which infest the city. Yesterday morning, awakened at about daylight by her paramour, she arose, and with the remark that she presumed he had become tired of her, she opened a drawer, from which she took a loaded pistol, and deliberately shot herself. We learn that she was only about nineteen years of age.—*Nashville Whig.*

"Nature is now painting her loveliest picture, rehearsing her sweet poem, singing her most bewitching tune. What eye is so dull that it will not glow in the presence of this Venus of the seasons? What heart is so engrossed with earthly folly, that it shall not stay to drink in the nectar of this gorgeous time.

"These hazy, dreamy, languid days—how glorious they are. Lazily creeps the sun up the blue bank of heaven—languidly curl the thin mists about the everlasting hills—slowly ascends the smoke of the palace and the hamlet—all things move with dignity. The cares of the world seem more like cares than ever—humanity would fain cease from all exertion and spend these hours in pensive indolence.

"These golden, delicious nights—how sweet and pleasant they are. The moon is not so far away as it is wont to be—its radiance is more tangible, more upon us than before. There is an enchantment in the time; the stars approach and look into one's soul with their haunting gaze, as if they would search out every hidden emotion of sadness, and chase it into darkness. Blessed are these nights of Indian Summer."—*Buffalo Express.*

Mr. Redblossom drank rather more than an usual allowance of hot rum and sugar, one cold night last week; the consequence of which was he gave his wife rather a confused account of his conduct, on his return home.

"You see Mr. Smith's grocery store invited me to go and drink cousin Sam—and you see, the weather was dry—and I was very sloppy—so I said I didn't mind punching one drink—and, queer how my head went into the punch though!—The way home was so dizzy that I slipped up on a little dog—the corner of the street bit me—and an old gentleman with cropped ears and a brass collar on his neck said he belonged to the dog—and I was—you understand—hic—that is I don't know nothing more about it!"

A distinguished German scholar gives the population of Turkey in Europe, as being about 15,500,000, and that of Turkey in Asia, 15,700,000, making a total of nearly 32,000,000; about half the population of Russia, and nearly equal to that of France, though vastly less compact than the last.